The Home Circle.

CARCASSONNE.*

I'm growing old, I'm sixty years;
I've labored all my life in vain;
In all that time of hopes and fears
I've failed my dearest wish to gain.
I've seen full well that here below
Bliss unalloyed there is for none;
My prayer will ne'er fulfillment know,
I never have seen Carcassonne,
I never have seen Carcassonne!

You see the city from the hill—
It lies beyond the mountains blue—
And yet, to reach it, one must still
Five long and weary leagues pursue,
And to return, as many more!
Ah, had the vintage plenteous grown!
The grape withheld its yellow store—
I shall not look on Carcasonne,
I shall not look on Carcassonne!

They tell me every day is there
Not more nor less than Sunday gay,
In shining robes and garments fair
The people walk upon their way;
One gazes there on castle walls
As grand as those of Babylon—
A Bishop and two Generals.
I do not know fair Carcassonne,
I do not know fair Carcassonne!

The vicar's right, he says that we
Are ever wayward, weak, and blind;
He tells us in his homily
Ambition ruins all mankind—
Yet could I there two days have spent
While still the autumn sweetly shone,
Ah, me! I might have died content
When I had looked on Carcassonne,
When I had looked on Carcassonne!

Thy pardon, Father, I beseech,
In this my prayer, if I offend!
Something one sees beyond his reach
From childhood to his journey's end;
My wife, our little boy Aignan,
Have traveled even to Narbonne,
My grandchild has seen Perpignan,
And I have not seen Carcassonne,
And I have not seen Carcassonne!

So crooned one day, close by Limoux,
A peasant, double-bent with age.
"Rise up, my friend," said I; "with you
I'll go upon this pilgrimage."
We left next morning his abode,
But (heaven forgive him!) half way on,
The old man died upon the road:
He never gazed on Carcassonne.
Each mortal has his Carcasso·ne!
—Gustave Nadaud.

DON'T BE A SECOND-CLASS MAN.

You can hardly imagine a boy saying: "I am going to be a second-class man. I don't want to be first-class and get the good jobs, the high pay. Second-class jobs are good enough for me." Such a boy would be regarded as lacking in good sense, if not in sanity. You can get to be a second-class man, however, by not trying to be a first-class one. Thousands do that all the time, so that second-class men are a drug on the market.

Second-class things are only wanted when first-class can't be had. You wear first-class clothes if you can pay for them, eat first-class butter, first-class meat, and first-class bread; or, if you don't, you wish you could. Second-class men are no more wanted than any other second-class commodity. They are taken and used when the better article is scarce or is too high-priced for the occasion. For work that really amounts to anything, first-class men are wanted.

Many things make second-class men. A man menaced by dissipation, whose understanding is dull and slow, whose growth has been stunted, is a second-class man, if, indeed, he is not third-class. A man who, through his amusements in his hours of leisure, exhausts his strength and vitality, vitiates his blood, wears his nerves till his limbs tremble like leaves in the wind, is only half a man, and could in no sense be called first-class.

Everybody knows the things that make these second-class characteristics. Boys smoke cigarettes to be smart and imitate older boys. Then they keep on because the have created an appetite as unnatural as it is harmful. Men get drunk for all sorts of reasons; but, whatever the reason, they cannot remain first-class men and drink. Dissipation in other forms is pursued because of pleasures to be derived, but the surest consequence is that of becoming second-class, below the standard of the best men for any purpose.

Every fault you allow to become a habit, to get control over you, helps to make you second-class, and puts you at a disadvantage in the race for honor, position, wealth, and happiness. Carelessness as to health fills the ranks of the inferior. The submerged classes the the economists talk about are those that are below the high-water mark of the best manhood and womanhood. Sometimes they are second-rate or third-rate people because those who are responsible for their being and their care during their minor years were so before them, but more and more is it becoming one's own fault if, all through life, he remains second-class. Education of some sort, and even a pretty good sort, is possible to practically everyone in our land. Failure to get the best education available, whether it be in books or in business training, is sure to relegate one to the ranks of the second-class.—Success for July.

*This is No. 62 of our series of the World's Best Poems, arranged especially for THE PROGRESSIVE FARMER by the editor. In this series selections from the following authors have already appeared: Burns, Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Browning, Lord Byron, Campbell, Eugene Field, Goldsmith, Leigh Hunt, Holmes, Omar Khayyam, Kipling, Lampman, Lanier, Longfellow, Lowell, Markham, Macaulay, Milton, Moore.

STICKING AT IT.

Most failures lie in not going on long enough. The hour that tests a man is that in which the first fevor of his undertaking has died out, and yet the goal of his efforts seems a little farther off than when he began. That is like the point in the revolution of a driving wheel, where the forward push of the piston rod has ceased, and its backward pull has not begun. A vast mass of human enterprise, in great things and small, breaks down at that point, and many a good work is deferred until it finds a man who has the impetus of faith in sufficient measure to carry him round that curve. It is the mark of a really able man to finish what he began, in small things and in great alike.—Exchange.

A FOSITIVE OPINION.

One of the constituents of Judge Culberson, the father of the present Senator from Texas, had wagered that he could get a definite and decided opinion from the old man, a proposition so unlikely that it created no little excitement in the Texas town in which the Judge resided. It had been stipulated that the bet should be decided in front of a livery stable, where Judge Culberson liked to spend some of his leisure hours.

A crowd collected, and as they discussed the state of the weather and the condition of the crops a newly sheared flock of sheep was driven by.

"Judge," said the man who had made the wager, "those sheep have been sheared, haven't they?"

"It looks like it, on this side," replied the Judge.—New York Tribune.

WHEN THE PRESIDENT GOES TO CHURCH

President Roosevelt worships, says Harold Bolce, in what is probably the smallest city church in the United States. The dimensions of the building are twenty-six by fifty-one fet. Writing in the Saturday Evening Post (Philadelphia) Mr. Bolce describes the small congregation and the President's way of going to church:

The little church has a membership of two hundred, with sittings for only one hundred and seventy-five. Before ten o'clock Sunday morning visitors begin to assemble and form in waiting line in front of the church. By dint of much crowding the regular congregation is enabled to give up one-third of the room of the diminutive building to sightseers. When eleven o'clock approaches, the crowd, which would now more than overrun the church, watches eagerly for the coming of the President.

Most of the strangers expect to behold him arrive in the glory of the equipage they have read about, and they scan all approaching carriages to get the first glimpse of the much-discussed liveried coachman and footman with beaver hats resplendent in the tricolor cockade, their coats glinting with yellow and green, and with trousers of cream doeskin and patent-leather Wellington boots.

In the meantime about fifty of the throng have been admitted to the church. Now comes the President, trailing no unnecessary glory, and hurrying as if to keep a tardy appointment. In reality he is always promptly on time. Sometimes he is accompanied by Miss Alice, occasionally by Mrs. Roosevelt (whose regular place of worship is St. John's), and almost always by his side or close in his wake skips little Archibald or Kermit, sturdily imitating his father's imperial pace. Not infrequently the President is accompanied by guests, and at times the eight places in his pew have been filled.

AT FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

"So glad to see you!"

"Ah, thanks."

"So good of you to come!"

"So good of you to ask me to come!"

"As if I could get along without you! The obligation is all on my side."

"How sweet of you to say so!'

"Now, I want you to meet Mrs. Slambang. Mrs. Slambang, let me present to you my deah friend, Mrs. Twiddle-twaddle."

"So glad to know you, Mrs. Slambang! I have so often heard deah Mrs. Sweet speak of you that I feel quite as if I knew you. Beautiful day, isn't it?'

"Chawming!"

"What a lovely wintah we are having."

"Chawming! So very, very gay, isn't it?"

"Oh, very gay! Have'nt I met you at Mrs. Titter's teas?"

"I daresay you have. Isn't she a deah?"

"Oh, I am extravagantly fond of her!"

"I am too. So clevah!"

"Of course you go to the operah?"

"Oh, I couldn't exist without it. Oh Melba! Melba!"

"And Nordica! I rave over them all!"

"I fairly cry over them! And, do you know, I have a friend who does not care in the least for them. She isn't a bit musical."

"Oh, how sad! I would die if I did not— Who is the tall lady in black over by the piano?"

"I'm sure I do not know. What exquisite lace on her gown! Do you know that I just simply rave over beautiful lace!"

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed! I care more for it than for jewels, because it— Do you know the tall, fine-looking man who has just come in?"

"I am sure I have seen him somewhere, and yet I cannot— Yes, thank you, I think that I will have a cup of tea. How lovely the dining-room looks!"

"Lovely!"

"Mrs. Sweet has such exquisite taste!"

Exquisite! I often say— How do you do, my deah? So glad to see you!"

"Thanks! So glad to meet you!"

"So good of you to say so! Quite well, deah?"

"Oh, vulgarly so. I really must say good-by to deah Mrs. Sweet and go. I must look in at Mrs. Shoddy's for a few minutes."

"So must I. We'll go together."

"How lovely! Good-by, deah Mrs. Sweet. Have had such a chawming time!"

"Must you go so soon?"

"Yes, really! Such a lovely time!"

"So glad! But it is quite naughty of you to go so soon. So glad you came!"

"By-bye, deah."

"By-bye. You will come to see me soon?"

"Yes, indeed."

"You must. By-bye!"

"By-bye!"

And as she gathers up her trailing skirts to walk down the steps she says,—

"Thank goodness, that's over!"—Morris Wade, in Lippincott's Magazine.

A TEST OF CHARACTER.

A young man on a journey fell in with a merry party, including some young people of his own age. Through some incident and informality of travel the intercourse began, and proved to be so pleasant that it was kept up in a perfectly natural way. The youth reached his journey's end first. He never heard the comment of one of the party of travelers left behind in the car, but his heart might well have thrilled with grateful feelings if it had been so, for it was this: "He never would have talked about his father and mother as he did if he were not the right kind of a boy."

Here was a spontaneous tribute to the character of a young stranger, which might well be coveted by any boy or girl. It was the unconscious outcome of his real nature which made the impression and was an actual revelation of character. It would have have occurred to the unsophisticated young fellow to make an effort to bring in the mention of his parents, but because it was natural and instinctive it showed the stuff of which he was made.—Selected.

Our Social Chat.

* EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, RALEIGH, N. C. *

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of The Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wide-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers among the older people of this and other States, the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more thon sixty.

YOU ARE REQUESTED to join by sending us a letter on some subject of general interest, and writing thereafter as often as possible.

WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatterer.

TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication.

ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

These long warm days with their bright sunshine and few clouds are capable of banishing the thought of winter and its needs, which will inevitably come and force our attention. There are so many things that we can do now which will add much to the appearance of our homes when the house will be more comfortable than out under the trees. Now few of us are so very industrious that we care to do real work, but all of us like amusement, and if we can supply this in a profitable way so much the better.

There is nothing more profitable than to read good books, and many of us whose school days have long been numbered with the things that were, could review some of our studies in order that we may be better able to help the little folk of the family over rough places this winter when they will have many lessons to learn, and a limited time in which to prepare them. Teaching is pleasant work provided we know what we would have others learn.

Then there is the ever pleasant and interesting, intricate, beautiful and restful crocheting. So many useful articles are made with a crochet needle, and we can lay it aside as often as we wish and always find it ready when we care to again take it up.

There are many ladies who prefer to piece quilts in summer, one star or square at a time; and before you realize how much you have done the quilt is finished.

Don't laugh when I suggest that now is a good time to buy linen sheeting and begin to hemstitch that bed set or those doilies you would like to give mother Christmas.

Embroidery is beautiful if well done, but it takes time to accomplish much. It is, however, an interesting occupation for these extremely warm days and may beguile you into believing that the mercury in the thermometer has not crawled up near the top of the tube. (After all life is what we make it and the weather seems just as we take it.)

Margaret's letter reminds me of the probability that many of you are waiting to see your name in the list of those I call each week. I trust that this is not the case, but that you will know that I mean you, too, if you have not been with us in some time. We appreciate Margaret's letter the more because of her not having waited to be called.

Plum writes this week from our sister State, Virginia. We have missed her so much and hope that this letter is the forerunner of a series of interesting ones from her pen.

Mrs. M. S. calls for the first time and we thank her heartily for her kind words of appreciation, and hope to hear from her often.

Where are Matabel, Sixty Five, Mrs. S. M., Lucile, Trixy, A Reader, Country Girl, and Lelia? We should like to hear from them. Let me repeat that I am calling only the names of long absent members, and I hope that our more faithful ones will write promptly without waiting to be called for by name.

AUNT JENNIE.

FROM OUR FLORIDA MEMBER

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I was so disappointed when the paper came this week with no Social Chat that I thought I'd write, although you had not called my name.

I have been trying a very interesting experiment this morning, that perhaps will amuse some of the readers. I took a feather (the bolster feathers of a white goose or duck would do) and pulling it to one eye closed the other. Holding my hand about a foot off between me and the window, I found I could see through my fingers with the greatest ease. There was a dark streak down the center of each that I thought was bone, but on examining them I saw that the greater portion of my fingers were bone and that I had been looking straight through my bones.

I wore a medium sized gold ring, but could tell I had it on only by the shadow it made on either side of my finger. This caused me to get my purse and I found I could see through silver, nickel and copper coins quite easily. I then looked through a pencil and a full box of matches. Though all I could see the fringe on the window shade and the branches of trees on the outside.

Will some one please tell why this is so?

They say there are farms in Florida; I am not sure. I only know there is none on the route of the S. A. L., and I have been twenty miles north and twenty miles south in this county, and though I have seen groves and "patches," I have seen not a farm. People live on "store rations" almost exclusively. When they kill a hog they have to cut out all the bones. Imagine how nice a ham is after it is treated so!

The first evening I came here my aunt carried me into the dining room to give me something to eat. At the door a horrid smell met me and I started back.

I always speak before I think, so I asked her what that was stinking? She looked quite surprised for an instant, then laughed and said she supposed it was guavas. There was a dish, in the center of the table, piled high with this pretty fruit. While she was setting out something for me to eat, she told me several good jokes about Northerners and guavas.

At first I thought it was a scheme to keep me from eating that they keep that dish of raw guavas on the table and had cooked ones most every day, but gradually they began to smell nice and to taste better, and now I like them better than I do most fruits.

My husband said that once he set some Georgia boys up to guavas and they almost mobbed him.

I watched with interest the papaw trees, their straight bodies with "eyes" where the long leaves (that look like huge okra or castor bean leaves), had fallen off, and the pretty umbrella top with a "melon" hanging just above every leaf. I thought they would never get ripe, but one day I noticed that one had turned a golden yellow all over and I ran in and reported. Uncle got it down and I cut it up and peeled it for dinner. The seed were small and black and were sticking to the inside which was hollow. It weighed several pounds. It was not so good as I thought it would be, but I could eat it, and each one got better than the last.

About Christmas there came a light frost and the beautiful trees with their loads of fruit were killed. They say this fruit will cure the worst case of dyspepsia, and that a tough steak wrapped in one of its leaves over night will be found tender in the morning.

My letter has grown too long and I have only started. The next time I'll say more about what we get to eat.

MARGARET.

Manatee Co., Fla.

FROM AN APPRECIATIVE READER.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I've been a silent reader of The Progressive Farmer for thirteen or fourteen years. It has always been a good paper, but it gets better.

When there comes one week without your letter (which is always good) and no letters from the Chatterers, I certainly miss them. I get lots of information from the paper. I think the letters on "Old Times in the South" are so interesting and hope there will be some more of them. I don't know anything about those days except what I have read and heard old folks tell. I certainly hope that the Chatterers will not let the warm weather keep them from writing often; there are so many good writers it looks like we should have letters a plenty.

Aunt Jennie, how about your picture being put in The Farmer? I imagine you are a large fine-looking old lady; anyhow I should be glad to see your picture, as I shall hardly ever see you in person. If it were possible I should be glad to see all of the cousins together and Aunt Jennie with them. I did not start to write so long a letter, but thought I would cast in the widow's mite and let the members of the Circle know how much I enjoy their letters.

MRS. M. S.

Emma was accused of being vain. "Me vain!" she exclaimed, indignantly; "why, I don't think myself half as good-looking as I really am!"

A HINT FOR HOUSEWIVES.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—If I lived in the country now what a nice time I should have canning for the winter markets, as well as for home use. It is almost unbearably warm, but there is nothing worth having that is too easily obtained. None of us object to the ready cash which these things bring on the market in winter.

I failed to get tomatoes to can last season, but hope to put up a quantity this year. I do not mean to forget to put in a half teaspoonful of salt just before I seal each can as it adds much to the flavor and helps to keep the tomatoes solid.

If I worried myself with the old method of heating the jars or boiling the fruit in the jars and broke perhaps a half dozen jars each time I tried it, I expect that I should not be so fond of the work. Instead of this trouble I simply provide myself with a clean flour sack, a vessel of cold water, and a box the height of the stove. The box I put as near the stove as I can, then place the corner of the each sack on the box, being careful that it is smooth where the jar must sit; place the jar on this, then carefully wrap the jar in the rest of the sack, leaving none of the glass exposed; press it gently but firmly all around the sides near the bottom of the jar. This done, proceed to fill it by pouring half a cup of the boiling fruit into the jar; then place the palm of your hand over the top of it and wait a moment for the "bee to buzz" which sound you will be sure to hear and recognize as the signal to proceed to fill as rapidly as possible. Then seal and place on table upside down to cool. Be sure to put away in a dark place.

Well, Aunt Jennie, I have told this same thing several times, but was requested to tell it again as there are some who failed to see it before and I find it so easy and safe, not having broken a jar in several years.

MRS. J. L. D.

FLOWERS OF THE SWAMP.

What We May Expect to Find if We Search the Wet Places in July.

What a wealth of rarely beautiful wild-flowers there are in the swamps and meadows even in July—*the vivid* beautiful cardinal, the false sunflower or ox-eye, the lance-leaved or fragrant goldenrod, the thimblewood, the bulb-bearing loose-strife, hardhack, the early purple aster or cocash, the ironweed or flat-top, the arrow-leaved tear-thumb, the spearmint, native wild mint and peppermint, the Maryland figwort or bee plant, the great lobella or blue cardinal flower, the graceful brook lobelia, the soft, feathery, tall meadow rue, the poisonous water hemlock, the bloodthirsty round-leaved sundew, the wicked strangleweed or common dodder, the gorgeous Turk's cap lily, the queer snake-head or turtle head, the fragrant bitter bloom or rose-pink, the attractive meadow beauty or deer grass, the sea or marsh pink, the marsh milkwort, the marsh St. Johnswort, the white alder or sweet pepperbush, the boneset or thoroughwort, the climbing boneset or hempwood, jewelweed, the pale touch-me-not, the giant St. Johnswort and two exquisite orchids, the yellow-fringed orchis and the white-fringed orchis. The lowest and the highest, the showy and the sober, all await to surprise him who searches.

In July and after, you still find in full blossom one of the most curious and interesting of all our flowering shrubs—the button-bush. This is a plant growing thick along the borders of streams and deep swamps, and in still bays and lagoons of lakes. It grows practically in the water, on tussocks built up of its own roots, often covering acres of swamp. The striking thing about the plant is its blossom; the single flowerets are missed together into a perfectly spherical head with a mist of delicate, protruding stamens—the kind of flower a Bohemian glass-blower might invent in his sleep. The separate flowers, white, though not quite a pure white, are slender, suggesting in shape a honeysuckle. These feathery balls, often an inch and a half in diameter, are very sweet, especially towards night, with a fragrance much like that of the golden lily. All day they swarm with butterflies, and after dark the returning angler is met and guided by wave after wave of sweetness, the breath of some perfumed swamp.—Country Life in America.

He—I don't see what people keep diaries for; I can keep all my affairs in my head. She—That's a good way, too; but not everyone has the room.—New York Sun.